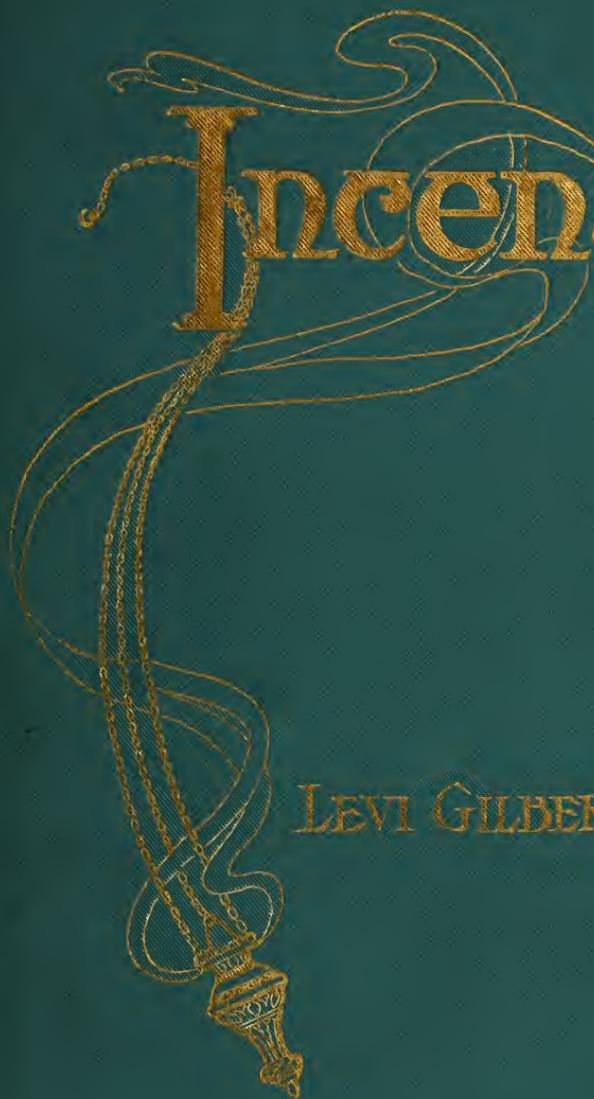


Incense

LEVI GILBERT





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LEVI GILBERT



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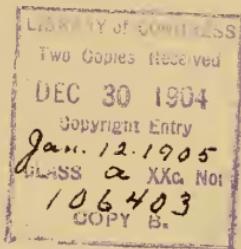
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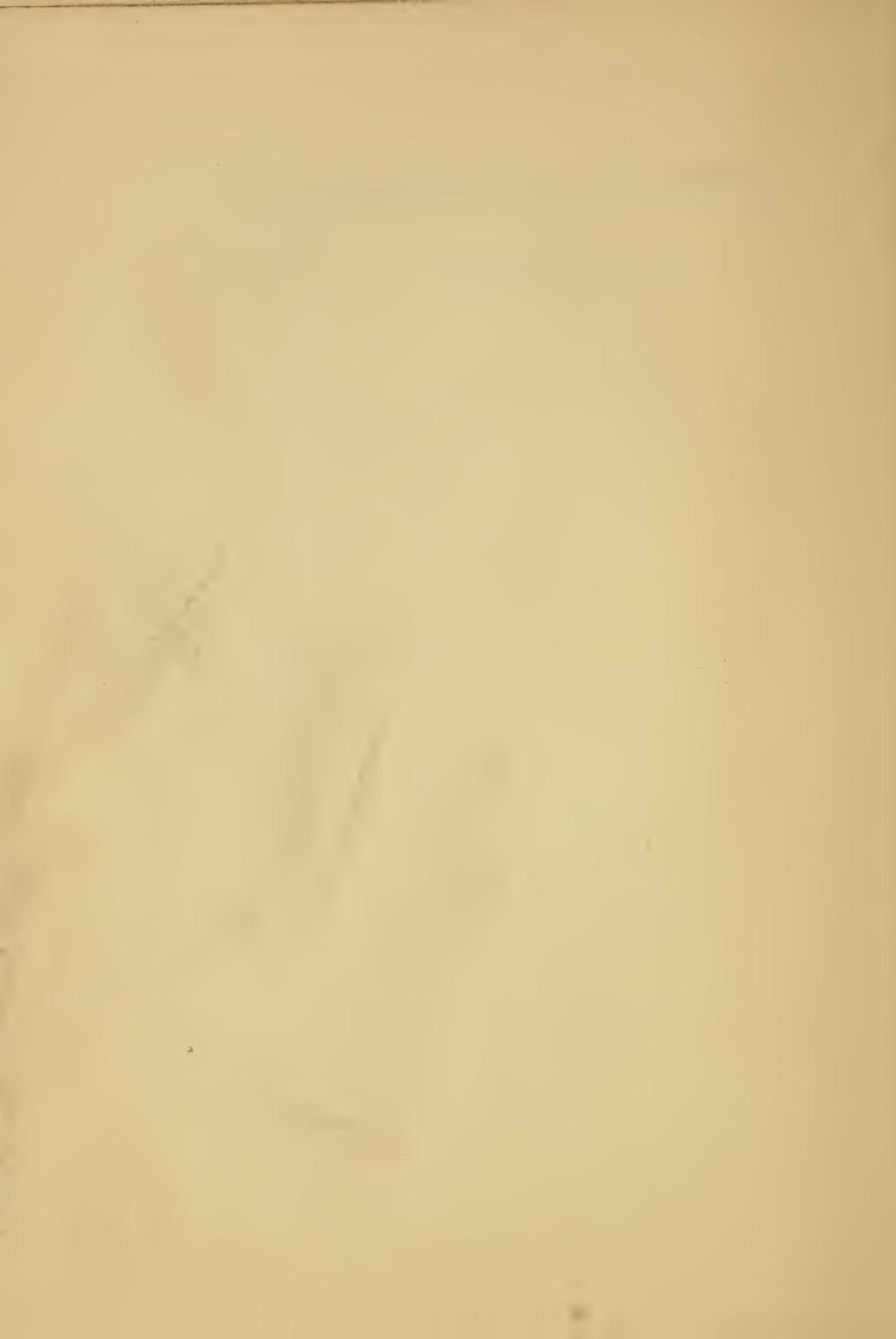
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To My Six Children

WHOM I LOVE
AND
IN WHOSE LOVE
I CONTINUALLY REJOICE



THERE are three strains which will be found recurring in these poems—those of religion, patriotism, and human love. With the last are blended all the sanctities of married life and all the holy memories of those who have gone before us into Paradise. The altar, the flag, the hearthstone—however imperfectly these may be sung—will ever remain the strongest attachments of the human soul, evoking evermore the most ennobling and consecrating emotions.

Contents

	PAGE
INCENSE,	11
A HYMN TO CHRIST,	13
ASCENSION,	15
THE LARGER CHRISTMAS,	16
DESTINY,	19
THIRTEEN,	20
TO A CERTAIN SCHOOL OF HIGHER CRITICS,	21
RABBONI,	22
“DRAW NEAR WITH FAITH,”	23
THE LOVING OF HER DEAR HEART,	28
FOWLER ON LINCOLN,	30
A MEMORY OF CIVIL WAR HEROES,	31
AN INVOCATION FOR A RELIGIOUS COUNCIL,	34
PETER,	35
MOTHER AND BABE,	36
MARGUERITE,	38
GOOD FRIDAY—THE SEVEN WORDS,	39
“A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL,”	42
WHAT THE SHEPHERDS SAW,	43
LOVE AND DEATH,	46
A SONG OF CHEER AND HELP,	47
“OF LITTLE FAITH,”	50
YOUTH,	51
AN AFFECTATION OF THE HEART,	54
TRANSFORMATION,	56
“SWEET SIXTEEN,”	58
THREE SONNETS FOR CHILDREN’S DAY,	59
A PRAYER FOR NATIVE LAND,	62

	PAGE
THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE,	64
THE NEARNESS,	66
“FOREVER AND A DAY,”	68
THE BUGLE CALL,	70
A SOLDIERS’ MONUMENT,	71
GOING INTO ACTION,	74
HYMN FOR MEMORIAL-DAY,	76
IN MEMORIAM—T. G.,	78
WORLDS ARE REJOICING,	80
MIZPAH,	82
BISHOP WILLIAM XAVIER NINDE,	83
THE COMING GLORY,	86
FULFILLMENT,	90
PATRIOTS AND IMMORTALS,	92
IN MEMORIAM—ELIZABETH BONAR WALDEN,	93
FELLOWSHIP SONG,	94
THE PLEA OF THE PERISHING,	96
WHAT CHEER?	97
A DEAD HERO,	102
A SONG AT PARTING,	104
SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW,	106
TO A FRIEND ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY	
ANNIVERSARY,	108
EASTER CHILDREN,	111
TO A. L. M.—WITH THE GIFT OF A BOOK,	113
TE DEUM, 1898,	115
THE FINAL CHORUS,	117

Incense

WITHIN the vast cathedral wall,
Which echoes with the strains of song,
I join in glad processional
To praise the Holy One and Strong.

No hierarch, no prelate high—
Archbishop, suffragan, or priest—
A simple, serving brother I,
My offices among the least.

No stole I wear with gold bedight,
No cassock broidered rich with lace;
I am a lowly acolyte,
Contented with the humblest place.

No litanies may I intone,
No solemn masses for the dead;
For me one task minute alone,
To keep my bowl with odors fed.

But slight my offering: some grain
Of balsam, myrrh, or frankincense—
Sure that my Lord will not disdain
My modest gift of small pretense.

Dim through the dusk the arches spring,
The temple's dome above me bends;
My censer to and fro I swing,
Its scented wreath of smoke ascends.

My inmost heart to organ-tone
Vibrates in joy; and prayer and rite
Conjoin with glorious antiphon
In blessing me, an acolyte.

The creeds and chants to heaven uproll,
A reverent, noble liturgy;
Though but an acolyte, my soul
Responds with throbs of ecstasy!

A Hymn to Christ

O JESUS, born of woman,
Anointed Christ and Lord,
Thou seem'st Divine and human,
The incarnate heavenly Word!
O might Thy love and passion,
Thy loftiness of soul,
Our fairest ideals fashion,
And guide them to their goal!

Float ever on before us,
Thou sweet and blessed Face;
Shine ever lustrous o'er us,
Thou Pole-star of our race!
Our glory's sign and token
Of God, of Man, the Son,
Thou ray of light unbroken,
Thrice-holy, perfect One!

In war with earth's temptation,
Through childhood, youth and prime,
Lead us, with grand elation,
To victory sublime!

By all Thy tears and trials,
By all things counted loss,
Help us to self-denials,
Help us to bear our cross!

O youth! heroic, splendid,
Young manhood, womanhood;
By such a Form attended,
Strive on to highest good!
What is it that appalls you,
What fears beset the way?
Where fiercest fighting calls you,
Our Captain heads the fray!

Ascension

“ ABOVE all rule and might, at His right hand,

The Father made Him sit.” . . .

Ah, what a space,

What circles vast divide me from that place

Beside the throne where Christ doth glorious stand !

Afar, afar ! O dim and distant land,
Across immensities I seek His face

Of majesty resplendent, blent with grace,
Bestowing love to meet my heart’s demand !

But what if near us, here and everywhere,
The Father work and bless, inspire and guide,

And His “right hand” be eminently there
Where flows most turbulent the darkest tide

Of human woe ? What if the Presence fair
Forever close to sin and want abide ?

The Larger Christmas

O PEASANT girl of Nazareth,
How many years have fled
Since thou didst pillow on thy breast
That innocent, sweet head !
But such dear love is holier now,
And every mother sees
The Christ-child in the child that lies
Asleep upon her knees.

O Baby Boy of Bethlehem,
How long ago it seems
Since Mary stooped and kissed the lips
That smiling lay in dreams !
But from all cradles ever since,
Have mellow glories shown ;
All little brows are circled now
With halos like thine own.

O angels, singing in the skies
Your rare and rapturous notes,
Down what vast corridors of time
Your blissful music floats !

But since ye broke that silence once
Our heaven has come more near,
And faith can catch the seraph's hymn,
So jubilant and clear.

O shepherds, watching on the plain,
Or kneeling at the stall,
How far away, how far away,
Your folds and flocks and all !
But as of yore, to open minds
Do God and nature speak ;
The simple-hearted bow as then
Before the Babe they seek.

O wise men, bearing precious gifts,
And coming from afar,
How dim, how dim that distant age
When first ye saw the star !
But those who follow wisdom's light,
And star-like science greet,
Bring all their truth and knowledge yet
And lay them at His feet.

O pilgrim-shrine among the hills,
How strange the stories sound
That in thy mean and narrow walls
The world's great hope was found !
But out from thee the radiance streamed
And bathed the newer West,
And here, in every village, dwells,
Thy glorious Christmas guest.

The star is gone—the angels gone—
Such marvels can not last ;
The shepherds and the magi move
Like ghosts in that old past !
But Thou, O Christ, art more to us
Than prodigy or sign ;
We need no miracle but Thee
And Thy great life divine !

Destiny

AN instant since that slight, imprisoned thread
Was glowing with the mystic ether-fires ;
A finger-touch and—darkness! Cold and dead
The slender filament—the flame expires !

And shall my life—? (O, wildly surging heart,
Again, that ghastly fear, that sharpest grief;
Again, O Christ, that sudden, poignant smart,
Yet I believe—O help my unbelief !)

Thirteen

[Suggested by a Thirteenth Wedding Anniversary.]

DEEM not the number luckless, under blight,
Branded and banned by superstitious fears ;
It omens naught to me of grief or tears—
Of direful fates, disasters large or slight,
But, rather, joy and peace and pure delight.
In heaven's glorious tables it appears—
Auspicious reckoning of happiest years
Since one glad day, most fortunate and bright.

And hast thou, friend, one dearer than thy life
Whose vow pronounced with truth devoid of
art
To love and cherish until death should part
Still holds its troth—thy brave, devoted wife—
Kneel thou to Him whose goodness floods
thy heart
With rapturous music midst the earthly strife.

To a Certain School of Higher Critics

THE fruit is specked, you say ; besides you find
Too rough and indigestible the rind—
Too fibrous and inedible the core—
Too hard and sour the seeds. And furthermore
You pluck off blow and stem. But have a care,
Lest, while you peck and gouge and slice and
pare,
With such raw zeal and ill-considered haste,
No bit of luscious pulp be left to taste !

Rahioni

THERE 's many a deed of splendor
Inscribed on glory's page ;
And many a name of greatness
Of hero, saint, or sage ;
But One outshines the whole,
And the vision of my Master
With rapture fills my soul.

His hands are scarred with wound-prints,
And piercèd are His feet ;
His tones are touching, tender,
Like music, soft and sweet ;
O, wonderful their power !
And the pleading of my Savior
Will draw me evermore.

His patience is unwearied,
His pardon large and free ;
His heart is like a mother's,
His mercy like the sea.
And marvelous His grace !
And I 'll find my bliss in heaven,
In gazing on His face.

“Draw Near with Faith”

A Good Friday Meditation

I

THE LORD'S TABLE

INVITED to Thy feast, we take our place,
O Christ, Thy friends—Thou at the table's
head;
Thine eyes beam love, Thy words o'erflow
with grace,
And sweet from Thy dear hand the wine
and bread;
Grant us above to gather round Thy board
And eat the marriage supper of our Lord!

II

COMMUNION

Our lives are lost and found again in Thine;
We share Thy thoughts, O Lamb of God;
we know
That all the branches of the one true Vine
Have Thy life-giving currents flowing
through;
O make us one in Thee as here we kneel
Our common needs to own, our faults to feel!

III

IN MEMORIAM

“This in remembrance do;” yea, loveliest
Friend,

Thou art our fairest, freshest memory yet!
And though the years shall seem to have no
end,

One life and death the world can ne'er
forget;

One Name and Form will last though time
erase

All names but His, all features but His face!

IV

THE GREAT HOPE

“Until He come!” So waits the weary
earth

The time it sees again His blessed face;
The whole creation travails still in birth,
And for its full redemption groans the
race;

Amen! So, Jesus, come and quickly come,
To take these tired pilgrims to their home!

V

THE SACRAMENT

Their *sacramentum* ancient legions swore
To Rome and Cæsar; so, O Master, we
Our vows of service now would take once
more,
Upon our knees, to God and truth and
Thee;
Aid us to keep our oaths; with sword and
shield
To fight faith's goodly fight, and never
yield!

VI

THE OBLATION

By all the sweat and agony and cries,
By all the sufferings without the gate,
By all the pathos of that sacrifice,
Help us, O God, all self and sin to hate;
To live by trust, though with Him crucified,
In Him who loved, and gave Himself, and
died.

VII

THE PERFECT EXAMPLE

“Let him take up his cross, and follow Me!”
Ahead Thou bearest, Holy One, that load,
And heeding test and exhortation, we
Disciples, burdened so, would choose Thy
road;
For others’ good would we ourselves deny,
And learn, like Thee, to toil and serve and die!

VIII

THE BODY AND BLOOD

The body given, the blood for many shed
Of Him who draweth all when lifted up!
O take and eat—(He died for *thee*)—this
bread,
And drink—(for *thee* His wounds)—this
sacred cup!
By faith feed on Him, in thy thankful heart,
Until He of thy being make a part.

IX

AT-ONE-MENT

To be at one with God, to put an end
To contradiction, mutiny, and strife;
To know our wills and His in purpose blend—
The prayer and passion, this, of all our
life!
So, by Thy death, the Father's love reveal
That we, dear Savior, may His blessing feel.

X

THE EUCHARIST

With joy we keep the feast; did we recall
The scourge alone, the thorns, the nails, the
pain,
A gloom too heavy on our hearts would fall;
But He that died is He that rose again!
Our peace is purchased by His death and
shame,
We laud and magnify His glorious name!

The Loving of Her Dear Heart

HER hair is thick and waving,
And, bound or rippling down,
A wealth of lustrous beauty
Its tresses warm and brown ;
But the loving of her dear heart
Is more than all to me—
The loving of a true heart
That loveth loyally !

Her eyes are full and dreamy—
Dark brows and lashes fine—
And rich the light that slumbers
Within their depths divine ;
But the loving of her dear heart
Is more than all to me—
The loving of a glad heart
That loveth joyously !

Her cheeks are fresh and glowing,
With tides of health aflush ;
A faylike dimple hideth
Behind a rose-red blush ;

But the loving of her dear heart
Is more than all to me—
The loving of a large heart
That loveth mightily !

Her voice is sweetest music,
Like bird-song soft and low ;
Her forehead 's broad and queenly
With radiant thought aglow ;
But the loving of her dear heart
Is more than all to me—
The loving of a pure heart
That loveth holily !

Fowler on Lincoln

I LISTENED, tranced, to eloquence that woke
Within my soul's abyss emotions deep—
Impressions memory will ever keep
Beyond oblivion's power to revoke ;
What gleams of greatness on the vision broke,
What dormant aspirations, roused from sleep,
Were caught upon the flight of words and
sweep
Of thought and feeling while, inspired, he spoke.

Aye, there he stood, our Lincoln, matchless,
grand,
Gigantic frame, imperial heart and brain,
Controlling, guiding, firm beneath the strain,
The providential savior of a land !
And then I prayed his godlike spirit might
Direct our march like Israel's pillared light.

A Memory of Civil War Heroes

It all comes back—the mother's kiss and sigh,
The swearing in, the drill, the last good-bye,
The uniform, the arms, accouterments,
The sentry's challenge, bugler's calls, the tents,
The long, hard tramp, the skirmish, opening
round,
The hurrying troops, the field guns, quaking
ground,
The bayonets' gleam, the polished muskets'
flash,
The sweating horse, the thundering wheels, the
crash
Of cannon, shrieking grape, the grime, the
heat,
The brandished swords, the shouts, th' attack,
retreat,
The whizzing bullets, bursting bombs, the
smoke,
The dense brigades, the orders, furious stroke,
The flapping flag, the wounded dripping red,
The falling, mangled, dying, and the dead,

The faces ghastly, arms tossed wide, the sob
Of dirge, the wail of fife, the drum's deep
throb !

'Twas this—'t was this they suffered and en-
dured

That our sweet liberties might be secured !

Eternal honor, honor—yet again

Immortal honor to these matchless men !

To those who fought to save our flag or died

For us, our sons, and all the world beside,

We own our debt of gratitude immense,

We bid our children rise in reverence !

Dear land, *one* land, *one* people great and
free,

Illustrious now, but greater still to be ;

I see thy eighty millions multiplied,

I see thy sister States in bonds allied,

With pride of power and growth, of sons and
fame,

But prouder still of their great Nation's name !

I see the South come forth and celebrate
A Union, bound for aye, inviolate :
She bows in thanks to Him whose plans with-
stood

Her heat and passion to her untold good ;
I see a land of bounteousness and peace,
Where feuds and factions evermore shall cease,
Where law shall hold all anarchy in foil,
Where ample wages shall compensate toil,
Where capital and labor clash no more,
Where justice comes to all and plenty's store,
Where education and religion bless
A crowning race with truth and righteousness !
I see mankind, inspired, in every clime
By sight of our democracy sublime,
Resistless rise to curb the tyrant's power,
Proclaiming this the people's day and hour !
Enfranchised masses break their bars of fate,
Republics spread and kings on subjects wait !

An Invocation for a Religious Council

SPIRIT of Truth and Light, on Thee we call !
Inspire, inflame each heart, that we may feel
The exaltation, quenchless love and zeal
That moved apostles ; hold our wills in thrall
To Christ our Lord ; forbid that one shall fall
From his high thought of right ! O set Thy
seal
On every purpose—let the Presence Real
In us abide as once in John and Paul !

So shall the grace of God our Church attend,
While we, in conference at our Master's feet,
Await Thy touch, with prayer and strong
desire !

So shall the Pentecostal Breath descend
To fill the place wherein we daily meet,
And on each head shall rest the sacred
Fire!

Peter

“THOUGH all forsake Thee, Lord, yet will
not I !”

And then the High Priest’s court—the oath
he took—

“I know Him not!”—the cock-crow, and
that look

Which Jesus gave ! And then that bitter cry
Of deep remorse that he should e’er deny

His dearest friend ! With anguished passion
shook

He flees in self-contempt that will not brook
That shameful cowardice, that meanest lie.

But Peter was not Judas; though his boast
Might mock—though oft he failed at test,

No traitor he, however weak his will :

“I love Thee, Lord—I love—and that Thou
knowest !”—

O hear, dear Christ, as sobbing we protest
That spite of every lapse we love Thee
still !

Mother and Babe

A Christmas Reverie

How still, my babe, thou slumberest,
Thy breath, how calm and mild!
So faintly fell on Mary's breast
The breathing of a child.

How close thy body, soft and warm,
Lies folded in my arms!
So nestled down that little form,
Secure from all alarms.

O dream and smile! My kisses seek
Thy dimples' witching grace;
So kissed the Virgin that fair cheek
That lay so near her face.

I look, while lashes droop and keep
Thy wondrous eyes in shade;
So brooded o'er an Infant's sleep,
A Bethlehem mother-maid.

Thy hair, in clusters thick and brown,
Against my bosom 's pressed;
And curls, not thorns, once made the crown
That gentle hand caressed.

I heard thee lisp my name to-night,
And glowed with ecstasy;
So boyish prattle once made bright
That home in Galilee.

Like His, thine innocence appears,
Who lived in Nazareth,
And grew in favor all His years,
The sweet evangel saith.

I will not think of ill for thee,
Or any pain or dread;
She boded not of Calvary,
Who watched a manger bed.

Madonna fair, our swelling hearts
With raptures overflow;
'T is God such love as ours imparts
That only mothers know.

Marguerite

How MANY hopes went with thee, Marguerite,
That April eve thy radiant spirit passed
Beyond the Veil ! A sudden blight was cast
On roseate dreams, anticipations sweet,
And glowing projects, fondly deemed complete,
Of father, lover, friend. Could they but
last—
Those morning visions fair ! We stand
aghast,
And vainly seeking light, protest, entreat.

Ah, mystery, that one so free from stain—
So young and gladsome as wast thou—should
die !
Yet faith makes answer to our bitter cry
That, as thy bow struck some exultant strain,
The Great Musician, in sublime refrain,
Wakes all thy being's chords to rapture high.

Good Friday

The Seven Words

“FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!”

THEY know not what they do—those soldiers
rude;

Those narrow, cursing scribes; that priest-
hood proud;

That coarse and jeering Jewish multitude;

The Roman governor, perplexed and cowed;
O pray, dear Christ, for us, so sinful, blind;
And prompt our prayers that foes may pardon
find.

“TO-DAY—WITH ME.”

For that rough robber, haunted by regret,

What joy to Thee to give the ransom price!
For him, who knew he could not pay his
debt,

What words of cheer and hope,—“In Par-
adise!”

How many souls have found, though turning
late,

Thy willing hand unlatching mercy’s gate!

“THY SON—THY MOTHER.”

On groups of friends and Mary’s dearest face,
 In direst grief, Thine eyes deep pity cast;
With care for each, though dying for the race,
 Absorbed in blessing others to the last!
Though scorned and slain—how sweet to think
 of this:—
That Thou hast known a mother’s arms and
 kiss.

“FORSAKEN.”

“Be strong”—thus whispered Faith, “the
 Father’s near!”—
And then that sudden, sharp, and bitter cry!
But in the shadow, closer for Thy fear,
 Stood He, nor left His Son alone to die;
Help Thou our souls, dismayed by doubt or
 fright,
Like Thee to trust in darkness as in light.

“I THIRST.”

In all points tempted, but without a stain,
 The Son of Man, divine yet human still,
In thirst and hunger, weariness and pain,
 Like us enduring God’s mysterious will;

O Brother, our flesh sharing then and now,
What matchless grandeur lights Thy glorious
brow!

“IT IS FINISHED.”

The body's pang, the heartache, wearied life,
The work Thy Father gavest Thee to do,
The burdened years, the mockery, the strife,
The atonement of mankind, all finished now!
What rest and peace and triumph! So may we,
Our tasks on earth well done, repose in Thee!

“INTO THY HANDS!”

No leap into the dark, no gathering night;
Beyond the flood clear vision of a shore;
And all the gloom dispelled in God's great
light,
There breaks the bliss of life for evermore.
O teach our dying lips Thy prayer most fit:
“Into Thy hands my spirit I commit!”

“A Doctor of the Old School”

DOUBTFUL there knocks at th' gate of Paradise
A white-haired man. No Churchman he; if
need

Of password—priestly countersign of creed
Or dogma—lip-confession—then there dies
All hope of entrance from those dreamful eyes
Where one might love and helpful pity read:
Faith shone through works—his life one
mercy-deed—

But hesitant he stands in vague surmise . . .

Then, of a sudden, wide the portals fly,
And those his ministries had cured and
blessed
Enclasp his hand and “Welcome! Welcome!”
cry,
While He who once did heal in Galilee
Gives glorious greeting: “Enter into rest!
For I was sick and thou didst visit Me.”

What the Shepherds Saw

THE stars are bright in Syrian skies,
And all the plain in stillness lies,
But for the bleatings of the sheep
That mark where groups of shepherds sleep,
In dreams, perchance, of Rachel, Ruth,
Of Caleb's prowess, David's youth,
And all the names of high renown
That shed their fame on Bethlehem town.
While others, watching in their turns,
Are gazing where a lantern burns
Far up the hill, before a cave
That gives no trace of dwelling save
An artisan, who hears alone
A baby's cry, a mother's moan.

O shepherds, hastening down the slope
To spread your tale of joyous hope,
And hurrying toward the temple space
To tell the priests of God's dear grace,
What was it that ye saw of worth
In that poor cavern of the earth?

What matchless vision on you broke,
What heavenly glory there awoke,
What beams around the infant head,
What cattle kneeling at His bed,
What aureole that masters paint
About Madonna, sweetest saint?

“A baby lying in a stall,
A peasant mother—that is all.”

And reads the Apocrypha aright?
The cave all filled with wondrous light;
The speaking Babe, so plainly heard:—
“I am the Son of God, the Word;”
The boasting mother, “None like Thee,
No woman in the world like me.”
The clouds amazed, birds flying not;
The heavens tranced in one fixed spot;
The drinking flocks, the men at meat,
The workman’s hand, the hurrying feet,
All motionless, in magic spell—
Such marvels saw ye, such can tell?

“A baby lying in a stall ;
A peasant mother—that is all.
“ Yet clear we heard the angels’ word,
‘A Savior who is Christ the Lord ;’
We can not doubt, though all deride,
We worshiped at the manger’s side.”

O shepherds, we will ask no sign
For motherhood itself divine !
All heaven is in the Child’s pure face
That needs no halo but its grace,
And he is most the Son of God,
Who Son of Man most plainly showed !
For you earth’s holiest mystery,
For us, for all, while time shall be—
A baby lying in a stall,
A peasant mother,—that is all !

Love and Death

LOVE smiles at Death. He knows that glad,
 beatic years
Of Immortality in some high heaven are theirs
Whose conjoined souls one holy, incandescent
 fire
Mixes in sacred flames that nevermore expire.

A Song of Cheer and Help

HAPPY, trustful Christians,
 Raise your voices high,
Hearts and minds o'erflowing,
 Light in every eye !
Why should there oppress us
 Thoughts of gloom and fear,
When we have His presence,
 Who will sooth and cheer ?

Steps triumphant, buoyant,
 Wills determined, brave,
Faces radiant, blissful,
 Hands held out to save !
Pulses beating quickly,
 Spirits warm with love,
Foreheads bathed with glories
 Streaming from above !

Pain and want surround us—
 Peace and comfort give ;
Men and women dying
 By our help shall live !

Let our words of kindness
Bid the weak be strong,
Sweeten bitter waters,
Flood the world with song !

See mankind, in anguish,
Stretch appealing hands—
Let us wake responsive
To the day's demands !
What are rites and doctrines,
What are prayers and creeds,
If we have no pity
For our brother's needs ?

“ Come, ye blest,” shall Jesus
To the righteous say ;
“ Thirsty was I and ye
Gave Me drink, one day ;
Naked and ye clothed Me ;
Hungry, and ye fed ;
Sick—in prison pining—
And ye visited !”

Everywhere is sorrow,
Everywhere is care ;
Weary, heavy-laden
Souls are everywhere.

O, to lift the hopeless
From despair and doubt,
Let our joy and courage
Brighten all about!

So shall Christ be honored,
So the true Church known,
So the skeptic answered,
So our faith be shown !
Men who scoff the Savior,
When they see our love,
Will believe Him loving,
And His mercies prove.

“Of Little Faith”

GLIBLY we boast of trusting Thee, O Lord,
The while with cares our brows are etched and
scored.

We quote the Shepherd-psalm and Christ's
sweet words
About the lilies and the heaven-fed birds.

And yet—and yet, in spite of creed and text,
With fear and fret our anxious hearts are
vexed.

Skeptic and atheist denounce we well,
Yet prove ourselves none the less infidel !

Youth

“Youth ! youth ! how buoyant are thy hopes ! they turn
Like marigolds toward the sunny side.”—*Jean Ingelow.*

O YOUTH so earnest, chivalrous, and true,
Our prayers are rising all the time for you !
The spring-tide of our being—what desires,
What splendid purposes, what passion-fires,
What inspiration, outlook, trust, and hope,
What grand belief, what horizon and scope,
What secrets that the future shall unseal,
What glow and heat, what faith, what high
ideal !

How beautiful the world, how sweet is life,
How stirring and attractive all its strife—
How, like a trumpet-blast, the soul within
Rings out the call to struggle and to win !
To make a name the world shall recognize,
To venture nobly in some large emprise,
Invent, discover, write or plead or teach,
Preside o'er justice, legislate or preach—
To take up life with all the mind and heart
In senate, bench, and bar, and business mart !

Who fears not lest the dreaded tempter's
power

May overthrow him in some heedless hour,
Seeing the lad who leaves his mother's side
And steps into the world till then untried?

O let us hope he comes with habits pure,
Sound mind and body, conscience trained and
sure,

With purpose resolute, both brave and bright,
Clear-headed, modest, champion of the right ;
Not sucked within the maelstrom's whirling
wave,

But held by Him whose hand is strong to
save !

And let us pray, despite the withering chill
Of selfishness and sin, foreboding ill,
That he may lift his face to greet the sight
Of morning sunbursts bathing brow with light !
Despite the common ideals of the street,
The lust of mammon, print of Satan's feet,

Paralysis of trust that doubt inspires,
Conceptions poor of all that heaven requires,
That he may still maintain his manhood whole
In strength and sweetness, and possess his soul ;
Through current disbelief in good and right,
Base competitions, tricks of trade and might
Of fraud, untruthfulness, suspicion, greed,
The worldly world's unholy, vulgar creed,
That he may keep his faith in God unspoiled,
Keep honor bright and character unsoiled !

An Affectation of the Heart

I 've got the funniest heart, dear—
I hope there 's no loose screw—
But it always gives a little leap
Whene'er I think of you.

By day or night, at home, abroad—
With many around or few—
Each time the same—that little leap
Whene'er I think of you.

You may be near, you may be far—
With that it 's naught to do—
Nothing prevents that little leap
Whene'er I think of you.

'T will happen any hour, dear—
A sweet sensation, too—
That throb within—that little leap
Whene'er I think of you.

Perhaps it is a doctor's case—
But I 'd hate to find it true—
For I smile to feel that little leap
Whene'er I think of you.

The ailment 's hopeless I 'm convinced,
No use to sigh or rue—
Sweet pain, for aye—that little leap,
Whene'er I think of you !

Transformation

Bows THE Virgin, sad and worn,
Still she hears His dying cries ;
Her dear Son, so pierced and torn,
Crucified before her eyes ;
Loving John, who leaned his head
On the heart that rived in twain,
As a son in Jesus' stead,
Seeks to ease her bitter pain.

In the shades of morning gloom
Mary Magdalene weeps,
Moaning low before the tomb
Where her blessed Master sleeps.
Peter, with his guilt oppressed,
Crying loud on Him who died,
Wanders lone, and beats His breast,
Thinking of His Lord denied.

Ah ! that Easter, bright and clear,
When the stone was rolled away,
When the angel said : “ Not here !
Risen, indeed ! look, where He lay ! ”

Sings for joy the mother-heart,
“Master!” cries the Magdalene,
John and Peter swift depart—
Naught but grave-clothes now are
seen !

O ye weary ones and sore,
Dropping hot and frequent tears
For the dear ones here no more,
Lift your eyes and calm your fears !
Lo, your dead in holiest light,
Far beyond life’s transient woes,
Stand immortal in His sight,
Risen because their Savior rose !

“Sweet Sixteen”

[Written to Commemorate a Sixteenth Wedding Anniversary]

YES, sweet indeed the music of those years,
From birth-cry to the verge of womanhood ;
But sweeter far, Belovèd, to our ears
That symphony whose rich, voluptuous flood

From life's great organ-pipes exultant rolls
Through all our days, since, with enclasped
hands
And meeting lips, we joined our destined souls
With links flame-forged and anvil-beaten
bands.

Three Sonnets For Children's Day

I

IN dreams alone we live our youth again
When life was summer-like and wondrous
fair ;
We run once more with dusty feet and bare,
We hunt the mottled eggs of thrush and wren,
Or gather nuts adown the bosky glen.
And then we wake to feel the weight of care,
The stress of duty and the need of prayer,
And half we sigh to know that we are men.

So fruitlessly we yearn for days of yore,
When shepherds watched on Babylonian
plain,
And earth was young and innocent of lore,
Ere men sought knowledge out and added
pain ;
Ah ! what can now that calm and peace re-
store
For which we seek in marts and schools in
vain ?

II

How sweet, O Christ, in revery appears
The fancy of Thy dimpled, cradled face,
Thy winsome babyhood and childish grace,
And joyousness of life unstained by tears,
Unshadowed by the cross, unvexed by fears ;
I catch the lightsome laughter of Thy plays,
I picture all Thy artless, boylike ways,
Before the burden of Thy troubled years.

Asleep Thou oft has lain on Mary's breast,
Beneath the benediction of her kiss.
“Come unto Me !” Thou pleadest. “Come
and rest,
Ye heavy-laden, weary, comfortless ;
For I will ease your aching hearts oppressed,
And soothe, with mother-love, to quietness.”

III

I read, dear Master, in the blessed Book,
How round Thee stood the frowning Phari-
sees,
In masquerade of poor hypocrisies ;

Not one of them the prattling children took !

I heed Thy strain of loving, stern rebuke :

“ O, not for you, ensnared in sophistries,

The Kingdom is, but little ones like these

Shall on the beatific vision look.”

Again I seem Thy sad refrain to hear,

Through all our wordy and polemic strife,

Our creeds, philosophies, and systems sere,

Our hard theologies, with rancor rife—

Above them all Thy warning rises clear :—

“ Except ye turn and lead the childlike

life !”

A Prayer for Native Land

God of our Land and State,
To Thee we consecrate
 Our manhood's might !
Help us like those to be—
Our fathers, brave and free,
Who made our history—
 Firm for the right !

Fill us with patriot zeal,
To raise a grand ideal
 In Freedom's cause !
Make greed and cunning less,
Inspire unselfishness,
Let brotherhood express
 Its love in laws !

Create a purpose strong
To righten every wrong
 From shore to shore !
To stand by public trust,
By conscience clear and just,
By scorn of sordid lust
 For spoils and power !

Bless Church, and Press, and School,
In all our rulers rule,
 Feed our fair fame !
Heal every social sore
Blend hearts of rich and poor,
Uplift us to adore
 And fear Thy name !

The Battle-Hymn of the Epworth League

MINE eyes have seen the glory of another Pentecost,
Mine ears have heard the gath'ring of a dedicated host,
My soul has felt the presence of the promised Holy Ghost,—
Our God is marching on.

There 's a fire of consecration that is burning in our youth,
They are vowing hearty service to the Master and His truth,
Their faith is pure and ardent and their works a Gospel proof,—
Our youth are marching on !

There 's a fervor of revival flaming bright in many hearts,
There 's a glow of gen'rous loyalty that in their purpose starts,

There 's the spirit of the Wesleys and a zeal
that Christ imparts,—
 Our Church is marching on.

They unfurl the Epworth banner, and behold !
 the thousands rise !
They are looking up in prayer to Him en-
 throned beyond the skies,
They are lifting up their brother from the ruin
 where he lies,—
 Our League is marching on.

The Nearness

I KNOW, since that dear speech, the sands
Of centuries have run,
And earth for near two thousand times
Has circled round the sun;
But yester morning, when I feared,
Distinct to me He said:—
“Let not your heart be troubled more,
Nor let it be afraid.”

I know how different the folk
Who listened then might seem—
How singular their ways and dress
Our modern world would deem;
But though of other mien and garb
And not of Jewish race,
Last night to me He came and spoke:—
“I leave you peace—My peace.”

I know the land is far away,
And many a sea-league parts,
Where first the gracious accents fell
On sorrowing, anxious hearts;

But, as I wept to-day in grief,
Right here I caught so plain:—
“I will not leave you comfortless,
I ’ll surely come again.”

I know how old the language is
In which the Master taught—
How strange to me its syllables,
Conveying meaning naught;
But just now in my weariness,
In mother-tongue expressed,
I heard: “Come, all ye laden ones,
And I will give you rest.”

I know how glad the people were
Beside Lake Galilee;
But the sweet words that solaced them
Have calm and cheer for me;
And this, too, is a holy land,
And Jesus walks our streets;
He enters every humble home
And blesses all He meets.

“Forever and a Day”

My idling mind, one vacant hour,
With all its wits at play,
Kept saying softly o'er and o'er—
“Forever and a day!”

The words chimed in—I know not why—
With all my heart would say !
They fell from out the clear, blue sky—
“Forever and a day!”

Detatched and fragmentary phrase,
In such mysterious way
It followed meditation's maze—
“Forever and a day!”

No rounded meaning all the while
Was in the words—but pray
Why did I listen and then smile—
“Forever and a day!”

With thoughts of you they intertwined—
Where else would revery stray?
My dreams of you had brought in mind
“Forever and a day!”

Fancies may come and fancies go,
But love has come to stay!
“Forever”—dearest, well we know—
“Forever and a day!”

The Bugle Call

LOUD and sharp, O Christian soldiers,
Peals the trumpet of the Lord !
Leaping into line of battle,
Wield the Spirit's flaming sword.

Fierce the conflict, but your mettle
Is the sort true manhood boasts ;
Soon or late, at last shall Satan
Flee before your cheering hosts !

Who 're afraid and who are fearful—
Let them turn now and depart ;
Gideon kept three hundred only,
But each man a valiant heart !

Saints on earth and saints in glory—
Clouds of witnesses around—
Men and angels—all are praying
Lest you halt and yield your ground !

More is Christ than all against you—
Form your columns firm and close ;
Pressing on o'er pit and rampart,
You shall vanquish all your foes !

A Soldiers' Monument

O COLUMN, rising here amidst our streets,
Where hot and fierce the pulse of business beats,
With tramp of men and horses, rattling tires,
And rumbling car-wheels driven by lightning-
fires—

Speak out, O pillared bronze, lest we forget
With all our toil—the daily fume and fret—
That life is more than meat ; that earth affords
Some things above our paltry gains and hoards,
Our worldly hopes and lusts, ignoble strife,
Our rivalries intense, with rancor rife !
Teach us to heed our duty's solemn call,
To give up home and dear ones—profits—all,
Meet death itself for high conviction's sake,
Serene as martyr's at the glowing stake !

O youth, from country lanes and city streets,
Stand still and hear what speech this shaft re-
peats !

It bids each man be vigilant, be pure ;
It calls to all, in times of fear, “Endure !”
Exhorting each to patriotic mind,
To leave all thoughts of self and ease behind.

When I reflect that wide humanity
Owes all we have to those who kept us free,
What eulogy or epic, spoke or writ,
What praise or honors for their deed seems fit?
While swings the earth let generations spell
Their names to emulate and love them well !

For all the ships, O Goddess, lift thy flame,
And welcome every land in freedom's name ;
No more a semblance—a fictitious creed ;
No more a lie—thank God, we're free indeed !
To all a welcome, but lift up thy voice,
Instructing all who make this land their choice
That liberty's not license—laws must stand—
Must be obeyed or ruin wrecks the land !

Fair city, great thy wealth, thy trade, thy art,
Thy homes and streets, thy factories, thy mart ;
I hear the panting engine's shriek and roar,
I see the vessels laden deep with ore,
I see the chimney's smoke—the foundries'
glare—
I see the expanding vapor fill the air—
But grander than all other song or boast,
This proud memorial exalts you most !

Loom on, O Column, while the stars shall
shine !

Wave on, O Banner, centuries are thine !

Move on, O City, to thy future vast !

Live on, O Country, while the world shall last !

Going Into Action

FORWARD, Christ's battalions,
 Quit yourselves like men ;
Wielding Gospel weapons,
 Force the fight again ;
Yours are strength and daring,
 Confident and free,
Rouse to splendid action,
 Fervid loyalty !

Mighty re-enforcements
 Thrill the Church with cheer ;
Freshly press the vet'rans,
 Not a sign of fear ;
Thinned by age and death-stroke,
 Ranks fill up with youth ;
Sons in fathers' places,
 Stand defending truth !

Trusting in your prowess,
 Home and nation rest ;
Future ages signal
 Each to do his best.

Hasten earth's redemption,
Bring the perfect law,
Speed millennial glories—
Visions prophets saw!

Rout and panic seize them,
All the hosts of wrong;
Soon for you the conquest,
Soon the victors' song;
What are toils and dangers,
Marches, wounds, or pain?
Christ is near His triumph;
You with Him shall reign!

Hymn for Memorial-Day

TEARS and flowers from States defended
By a host of comrades true,
Drop for those whose march is ended,
Marshaled for the Grand Review.

Praise we their august behavior—
Peans for their deeds sublime!
Lord of Hosts, our country's Savior,
Crown them on the heights of time.

May the gratitude unmeasured
Of the land they fought to save,
Hearts' affection deeply treasured,
Show our rev'rence for the brave.

Fill us with their patriot spirit,
Lofty love of liberty;
Courage let their sons inherit,
Heroes for the truth and Thee!

Make their valor our incentive,
Lifting us from meaner strife,
Proving evil's best preventive,
Beating in the public life!

Shining armies file before us,
Victors now beyond the veil,
Waving Freedom's banner o'er us,
Cheering lest we faint or fail !

In Memoriam

T. G.

His last words: "I am going to the Better Land!"

AND shall that faith of thine, so calm and grand,
Be frustrate—mocked with emptiness and
blight?

Instead of better, worse? Instead of land,
Th' abyss of dread oblivion and night?

Shall souls that yearn, that crave eternal life,
That feel within the stir of instincts high—
Deep answering deep through all the mortal
strife—
Find naught but disillusion and a lie?

It can not be! The Father doth not press
The cup to parchèd lips to snatch it past—
Beget immortal hopes and feign to bless,
But scatter promise to the Void at last.

Awakened in his likeness, satisfied,
Dear sire, a burst of beatific light
Transporteth thee, and stretching fair and wide,
The coast-lines of that Land enthrall thy
sight!

How didst thou pass the Wardens of that shore?
No gold hadst thou to proffer, no estate,
No honors, offices, nor scholar's lore,
When thou wast challenged at the Seraph's
gate.

Ah, vain such bribes! For there no purchase
price
Have parchment scrolls of schools or dig-
nities;
Nor bonds nor deeds are coin in Paradise,
But better hoard hadst thou for Heaven's fees.

Thou hadst the only money current there:
A joy in God—delight in His dear Word—
A trust serene—a habitude of prayer—
A love of men—a passion for thy Lord.

Worlds are Rejoicing

SOFTER and lower the breezes blow faint,
Out from the dawn trip the fleet-footed
hours ;
White as the snow or the soul of a saint
Petals unfold in the bulbs of the flowers.
Worlds are rejoicing, and nothing is sad ;
Rosy the sun is and warmer each ray,
Swifter the brook courses, rippling and glad ;
Earth hears the whisper—“ ’T is Easter to-
day !”

Blither the bird-songs in the blue sky,
Nobler the anthem upbearing its strain ;
Grander the organ-blasts swelling on high,
Sweeter the notes of the angels’ refrain.
Happy the chorus the children upraise,
Grateful the hymn on the lips of the old :
“ Jesus hath risen ! Jesus we praise !”—
Never more wonderful story was told.

Splendid the morning when Christ burst the
bars,

Left the tomb empty that man might not
fear ;

Told us of mansions beyond the bright stars,
Banished our sadness and filled us with
cheer.

Peal out your rapture, O wild Easter bells,
Mortals immortal forever shall reign ;
Glorious the message your melody tells :
“ Christ is our life, and death is our gain ! ”

Ring, belfries, ring !
Sing, Christians, sing !
Rise, spirit, rise !
Man never dies !

Mizpah

[Written for the dissolution of the General Conference,
Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, O., 1896.]

As WHEN the hour deferred has come to part,
Reiterating still his fond good-byes,
With hand in hand, while looking in the
eyes

Of some old friend, and using loving art
To stay the feet, at last about to start—
One utters dear regrets, and like replies
Are made in vows protesting deathless ties
Shall ever bind them closely heart to heart,—

So we, reluctant, to each honored guest
Our farewells speak, and pray each may re-
ceive
That peace and comfort, joy and heavenly rest,
Which Father, Son, and Spirit richly give.
Though meeting here, too soon to go our ways,
We 'll mingle yonder through eternal days.

Bishop William Xavier Nide

Th' Angelic Brother prays and paints,
And Aureoles burnish every cell ;
He labors long, he labors well,
But can not picture half the saints.

For not confined to Palestine,
Or Early Church or Middle Age,
Or priestly tome or Sacred Page,
Are all the holy saints, I ween.

We bid them sit around our board :
Like twain at Emmaus long ago,
Who sudden felt their hearts aglow,
And kenned not 'twas their Risen Lord.

The God who spake has not grown dumb :
To them who listen in the din
Of this World-Babel, clear within
As to the prophets, Voices come.

And Winds of Inspiration fall
That Moses and Isaiah knew ;
Not for a far-off favored few
The powers that stirred in John and Paul.

'T was not for Israel alone :—
To-day the Spirit entrance finds—
In wills devout and open minds
The Secret of the Lord makes known.

But yesterday one trod our road :
The Inner Light illumed his soul !
His love was strong, his faith was whole—
He walked, like Enoch, with his God.

The calm of heaven was in his eye,
And joy and peace were in his breast ;
He found, amid confusion, rest,
In which all strife and clamor die.

His psalm was keyed to one deep note :
In him we saw the reverence dwell,
The “mind and soul according well,”
Of which the greatest Laureate wrote.

His teacher-phrase by time is blurred ;
Sermon and text may be forgot,
And that grave eloquence ; but not
That lofty grace, that living word.

He closed his eyes in childlike sleep,
But on the morn he did not rise :
His soul had sped to Paradise ;
We weep, and yet 't is strange we weep.

Sweet spirit, bless us from thy height !
Impart the mood naught can disturb,
And hold our selfishness in curb,
And check our low ambition's might.

The Coming Glory

[Written on the Advent of the Twentieth Century.]

What Vision breaks upon my spirit-sense?—
From Gates of Dawn a Youth, in warrior guise,
Majestic rides. His armed and mighty train
Through distant vistas winds.

But yesterday
Another splendid cavalcade swept by:
What noble captains heading puissant ranks,
What lists of battles blazoned on its flags,
What music, peans, shoutings, made its route
Outbrave a Roman triumph! All the way
The plaudits rose. Its red and desperate fields,
Its conquests, deeds of chivalry for man
In warfare of a hundred years, had earned
That host its laurel-wreaths.

When midnight struck
The latest of its files had passed. Its fifes
And drums and rhythmic tramp were lost to
sight
And hearing. Down the uncertain, dusky road

That borders Lethe's stream, the rearguard
marched,
And some day in Oblivion's silent streets
Will stack its arms.

Along the far line gaze
Of ages stretching back and back till lost
In mists and dim horizons vast ! The world,
So old, yet ever young, is swinging through
Its primal orbit still. And who may count
Its generations numberless and hoar ?
O for the ken of sibyl or of seer,
With penetration keen to pierce the glooms
And look beyond the curtain-folds that hide
The future !

Hope and confidence elate,
The Youth, with mien magnificent, draws on.
Appearing sudden out of Nothingness—
The vague, inane, illimitable Void
Which ever opens to our planets plunge—
He marshals fresh battalions for the fray.
No bristling ramparts, rifle-blast, or charge,

No stubborn stand, repulse, salutes, and cheers
Are his as yet. His prowess waits for proof,
His force for test.

But neither fear nor doubt
Have we who hail his coming. Well we know
What valorous blood is coursing in his veins,
What high emprise is stirring in his thought.
That mind audacious, lofty soul inspired
For arduous task, that countenance sublime,
That brow undaunted, eye of fire and form
Imperious, mark a conquerer by birth !
Era of marvel ! Thine, O Hero, thine,
The wondrous epoch, 'merging out of night
To fill the score of centuries since He—
The Son of God and Man, the Lord of Time,
Eternity and Heaven—was manger-born.
What heritage is thine : traditions great,
Immortal acts, undying names, the fame
Of sages, saints, and godlike men !

Lead on
To victory and renown : Defeat and loss
Are never possible to thee. Thy trust

Is in Omnipotence. What conflicts fierce,
What combats with beleaguered Devil-Powers,
What sieges of intrenched and ancient Wrongs
Await thee! But thy faith is high, thy heart
Is stout, thy sword is good and true.

The Light

Shall overcome the Darkness, and the sun
Of a Millennial Day shall surely rise.
Thy glory beckons. Yea, at last, at last,
Humanity shall win—shall slay the Beast,
Shall crown the Christ, and on the heights of
Life
Shall stand, exultant over every foe !

Fulfillment

BRIGHT were the tracks of Dian's feet
Treading the lanes of the throbbing stars,
Between the fences of nebulous bars,
Where the angels stray and meet.

She leaned from her window and softly said:—
“ How fair the night ! Sweet prophecy
Of splendor and calm the morrow will see
For on the morrow I wed ! ”

Alas, for the hopes we never attain—
For desires that breathe but once and die !
A cloud-form blotted the stars from the sky
And the morning was full of rain.

* * * * *

Not thus, not thus must we end our song,
With sad suggestions of sorrow's face,
Pale and dismal, taking her place
Where the tripping moments throng !

We must sing a song more brave and glad !
For what of the bride's-day overcast,
And what of the storm-wrath, thick and fast,
And the heavens bland and sad ?

And what of the wind and thunder's strife ?
Their hearts were calm, their future bright,
And a fuller love rose than she dreamed in
 the night,
For Love is the Sun of life !

Patriots and Immortals.

'T is not alone our Washington's great name
That sounds through all the world our Nation's
fame;

Is he the founder? Lo, as savior now
Eternal laurels deck another's brow;
Together joined they shine fore'er on high,
Bright double star in Freedom's blazing sky!
A hundred years from now what thoughts shall
rise

Within their hearts who gaze in Lincoln's eyes—
Those eyes so sunken, sad. O care-lined face!
O frame ungainly! Yet what sweetness, grace—
What length of limb and body, and the whole
Transfigured by a towering, godlike soul!
O fallen form, o'erwhelmed in treason's flood,
Thy mission signed and sealed with martyr's
blood,

What strength and courage thine, what faith
and hope,

What loyalty and courage, that could cope
With dire disasters, unforeseen and new,
In every task, in every peril true!
O break the silence of thy grave, and call
To patriot service, though like thee we fall.

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Bonar Walden. Obiit July 17, 1900

I LISTENED, moved, to words of love and praise,
The tender strain of father, teacher, friend;
In one dear note of mem'ry did they blend
O'er thy still form. Thy purity and grace
Inspired their lips. They spoke of how thy
days
O'erflowed with service; told how thou
didst bend
Thy thought on mind and spirit—starward
send
Thy aspirations—Godward fix thy gaze!

Sweet soul, I knew thee not; I only know
Such high-pitched lives as thine, so rich and
bright,
Make immortality more sure, and show
Its large beginning here. They shed a light
Upon the darkness, and we bolder grow
To face the falling of the fateful night.

Fellowship Song

BROTHERS of our Epworth Band,
Widely though you 're parted,
Grasp each other by the hand,
Pledge a love true-hearted!

Fling the Epworth Banner out,
Tell our youth its story!
Onward march with song and shout,
Victory and glory!

North and South and East and West
By one faith united;
In the Church we love the best,
At her altars plighted!

Let our testimonies blend,
Jesus Christ confessing;
Let our songs and prayers ascend,
Belt the earth with blessing !

Leagued against the powers of sin,
Knowing no retreating;
Christian soldiers, muster in,
Satan's host defeating!

Heavenly Father, hear us now,
For our duty nerve us;
Strengthen us to keep our vow,
In Thy holy service.

The Plea of the Perishing

A WAIL of anguish rolls across the tide
That bathes an island under tropic skies,
Where perfumed breezes waft bird-minstrel-
sies
While every sense is charmed ; and far and
wide
Luxuriant verdures stretch on either side.
Hunger and death are there ; men's agonies
Mingle with moans of babes and shriller
cries
Of women ; home and food and work denied
By tyrannies inhuman, they invoke
Our pity, mercy—swift and large relief.
O stricken Cuba, who prays not for thee,
Groaning beneath an odious, crushing yoke,
And battling long for freedom ? Who is he
That sympathizes not with thy great grief ?

What Cheer?

[For the Reunion of the Class of 1874, Wesleyan University.]

WHAT sweet recollections, as Memory calls,
What visions of joy throng the old rooms and
halls,
The old row, the old benches, the campus and
trees—
Can the oxide of time dull the brightness of
these ?

How good does it feel, for old fellowship's sake,
To give one another the pump-handle shake—
To grip each dear comrade, our classmate of
old,
With a heart full of love which shall never
grow cold.

How many the years? Twenty-five? No!
you joke,
Not a century's quarter since our circle we
broke!
Who 'll believe it, or think it any more than a
dream?
We 're youngsters of twenty, whatever we seem!

You think you 've got bald spots, or big-goggled
eyes,
You think you 've store-teeth, or "cricks" when
you rise ;
You think you 've " rheumatics " whenever you
walk—
Mother Eddy will prove it 's all fudge and all
talk.

The years, how they gallop—O my and O dear !
And we gallop with them—no fancy, I fear,
The blazing noon sun bathes our foreheads with
sweat,
But noon is not sundown—the best of life 's
yet !

Another quarter, dear boys, and the race will
be run,
The battle be over—the day's work be done ;
Ere Old Maid Lachesis shall snip our thread off,
We 'll chirrup and hustle and give time the bluff.

Ah, who of us knows the laughter and tears
That make up the volume of twenty-five years;

The bitter-sweet music, whose measurements
beat
To labor and struggle, success and defeat?

How far have we scattered through East and
through West,
But now we come back, like birds to the nest ;
We love the old town, the river, the hills—
The past with its pathos our every heart fills.

A third of us parsons? Yes, more too—and
shame,
This reprobate world goes on sinning the same ;
At least thirty thousand “great sermons” we’ve
preached
And still, sad to say, no millennium reached.

But our half-dozen lawyers, let them make
report,
Our honorables, judges, and pleaders in court;
By jury and sentence have they settled Old
Nick,
Have they brought in the kingdom, with pace
double-quick?

Our more than half-dozen professors, perhaps,
By lectures and text-books have dealt Satan
raps ;
Have so exorcised demons, with science and
“lit.”
That of “original sin” they have not left a bit.

Or stay, there are editors, publishers,—sure,
With presses and types they have worked the
world’s cure—
They have killed the old serpent, and brought
Eden back—
But they’re doleful and murmur, “Alas and
alack !”

We turn, then, to ask of those out in the strife
Of the business racket and turmoil of life :
“A personal Devil?—believe it, do you?”
“Ah, he’s too plainly seen—we must say
we do.”

Our class was a wonder, but, brothers, our
fears—
In spite of the labors of twenty-five years,

Are hinting the cosmos is not quite redeemed—
The contract was harder, perhaps, than it
seemed.

But what of it all, when the worst has been
said—

There's time enough yet, ere we're all of us
dead;

If years twenty-five in addition must spin,
We'll carry brave hearts, and we'll never
give in !

Our century's dying—the dirges we hear—
But, welcome the new one with spirits of cheer ;
The nineteenth a marvel—but, greatest of time,
Be the twentieth, pray we, in conquests sublime.

With all the great-hearted, the valiant and true,
Who follow God's banners to dare and to do,
With courage and faith let us keep in the fray,
And battle with darkness till Christ wins the
day !

A Dead Hero

MOURN, O Land, a hero dead,
 Winner of deserved renown—
He, when treason reared its head,
 Helped to strike the monster down !

Strong and valiant in the fight,
 Calm and unafraid was he—
Storming Vicksburg's rugged height,
 Marching onward to the sea !

Shiloh, Corinth, Donelson,
 Kenesaw and Leggett's Hill—
There he grandly led and won—
 These his laurels fadeless still.

Loving most the peaceful arts,
 Joying not in blood and strife,
Only duty draws such hearts,
 Battling for the nation's life.

Modest, simple, gentle, pure,
 Lusting not for spoils of place,
Christian virtues that endure
 Sought he through a Savior's grace.

Come, my City, come apart!—
 Bow in grief with all the land ;
Thee he loved with all his heart,
 Largest things for thee he planned.

Earth to earth and dust to dust !
 Keep his grave with garlands bright ;
Love and praises ever must
 Be his meed who strove for right.

A Song at Parting

[At the Conclusion of a Pastorate.]

THE hour has come when we must part;
Spirit of Jesus, fill each heart,
Grant those that go and those that stay
Thy grace and strength and peace alway.

Receive our praise for love so fond,
Uniting souls in firmest bond,
Pastor and flock, together led,
By one Good Shepherd, comforted.

On eager wing the months have flown,
Sunshine and shadow have we known,
Changes have fallen to our lot;
But Thou, dear Savior, changest not.

While toiling in Thy vineyard, Lord,
Our labor is its own reward,
But vain our work, and sad our need
Till thou dost sanctify each deed.

Upon this Church let power rest,
As in the past may it be blest !
To-day, and in the years to come,
Find here, like Bethany, Thy home.

We meet, we love, then say good-bye,
We mingle prayers with many a sigh,
We take our paths, but hope to be
Rejoined throughout eternity !

Sunlight and Shadow

DEJECTED once, I called this truth:
 My clay is brother to the ground;
 And this cheap dust that folds me round
Extends my energies no ruth.

I can not read the meaning blind—
 The hieroglyphics of my soul,
 That palimpsestic parchment-roll,
With symbols quaint and blurred o'ersigned.

The part of me that 's baser born,
 Forever earthward gravitates ;
 Dozes and yawns in sleepy states,
Nor ever greets the bursting morn.

* * * *

In brighter mood I said: “God 's wise,
 And we are fools that grope and feel,
 Midst the delusive for the real,
With bandages upon our eyes.

Trust Him who whirls the Cosmic car
Adown the fleecy tracks of space,
As still as falls the dust apace,
That holds the light of fixèd star !

While round them rains a radiant sheen,
See minist'ring angels, bending low
To catch the sound of human woe,
From balustrades of glory lean !”

My hopes come forth like stars that ope
And blossom, one by one, at even ;
Like May-fields look the meads of heaven—
As fresh and sweet appears my hope !

To a Friend

On His Twenty-first Birthday Anniversary

I 'll jog my hizzie muse to gie
Some silly sang an' cantie,
Some jinglin' aff-hand melody
Sin' ye are ane-an'-twenty.
Aiblins ye 've seen the pretty things
Each rantin' bardie says o't—
O' tentless days o' youth he sings,
Na wearies o' the praise o't.

How a' the plans, sae braw an' fair,
Trumped up in Eden's bowers,
An' bonnie castles i' the air,
Evoked by wizard powers,
An' every dulcet, dainty dream
O' gowd an' siller plenty,
An' every gran' Utopian scheme
Refer to ane-an'-twenty.

Ah, who 'll deny that such a time
Is fitted for reflection ;
For high resolves an' hopes sublime.—
Just on the eve o' action ?

An' you 're finding in your ain guid sense
The sermons o' the preachers—
Your conscience, free frae a' pretense,
Will be your best o' teachers!

An' sae you 've ta'en the lawyer's trade
Wi' all its big temptations;
Ah weell, allowance maun be made—
We 're Adam's bluid-relations!
Ane maun incline a wee to wrang
Whyles circuit-court 's in session,
But sklent as little as ye can
For ane o' your profession.

O wad the Gowden Rule were law,
Wad strife and slanders perish,
Did we Mankin' our Neebor ca',
An' peace the warld roun' cherish!
I trust the thousand years are near,
When Nickie 'll lie in prison,
When Truth an' Justice shall appear,
An' Righteousness be risen!

But that 'll be a sair, sair day
For a' your gentry's pockets,
Wi' a' your practice died away,
An' nae case on the dockets!
An' sae I hope 't will be delayed
For a score o' years or over,
Till you 've a cozy fortune made,
An' settled down i' clover.

Now fare ye weel, dear Joe, my boy,
An' blessings aye attend ye;
I wish ye luck, an' muckle joy
May heaven alway send ye!
An' gin ye 'll tak' a frien's advice
An' lang experience has he—
Afore ye marry ye 'll think twice,
An' aye beware a lassie!

Easter Children

LITTLE children, long ago,
Loving Him who loved them so,
Timid—yet without alarm—
Fondly leaned within His arm ;
Cried, though sternly bid to cease,
“Hail Hosanna ! Prince of Peace !”

Many little eyes were red
When they learned that He was dead ;
Mothers told them how He died,
And together then they cried ;
Sad were little hearts that day
When their Friend was laid away.

But how glad they must have been
When they saw His face again !
When they heard disciples tell
How He rose who loved them well ;
When upon their heads were laid
Hands with prints the nails had made.

Jesus lives and reigns above,
He can all my guilt remove ;
He, the children's Christ to be,
Died and rose again for me ;
Me a place He will prepare
With Him in those mansions fair !

To A. L. M.

With the Gift of a Book

No SIGHT hath Love, they say; nor speech
I wot

For silence is his mother-tongue; but, mute,
Is yet more eloquent than ever was
Athenian demagogue that soothed or stirred
To mutiny the fickle, plastic crowd.

Feigned love is voluble, and babbles on
In good, mouth-filling words and honeyed
phrase,

All lacquered o'er with sentiment; declaims
In school-boy fustian—swears by sun and stars
And all the catalogue of gods.

Love

Scorns the jargon of unmeaning words
That vainly struggle hard to body forth
The God-breathed thought and feeling; dumb
—and yet

He has a voice whose organs are the smile,

The sidelong glance, the slanting lash, the
cheek—

Where colors play like Northern lights athwart
The sky—and sometimes tokens; thus this
book

A word or two can whisper. Bend your ear!
The book is speaking—speaks to you for me,
And says—O! can you tell me *what* it says?

Te Deum, 1898

OUR founders' God—our refuge still—

Thy people, hearing Thy stern voice,
Majestic rose to do Thy will,

With war and death their only choice;
Their hearts on fire, their wrath divine,
Have borne, All-merciful, Thy sign!

From earth went up a sigh and groan,

Thy vengeance spoke in sword and flame;
Our ships and armies were Thine own,
Sent forth by Thee in pity's name;
For right victorious over wrong,
God of the Just, we raise our song!

For patriot zeal that thrilled our coasts,

Upleaping, free from mammon's rot;
For swift crusade, devoted hosts—
All claims but duty's clean forgot—
For passion throbbing through all ranks,
Thou God of Battles, we give thanks!

For bravery that knows no caste—
 Class, learning, color, lost in worth—
For sections bound as one at last,
 No West nor East, no South nor North ;
For love ties strengthened over sea,
 Father of all, we bend the knee!

For triumph in man's holy cause,
 For sweet humaneness interblent;
For ushering nobler life and laws
 In tropic isle and Orient;
For Christ's great kingdom's furthered ends,
 God of all lands, our psalm ascends!

For all this vast Republic's might,
 For strength our freedom to protect,
For blessing us with truth and light,
 For peace and all the world's respect,
For such a flag, such men, such days,
 God of the nation, Thee we praise!

The Final Chorus

THE presage of a song!
Man's glorious triumph it will tell,
His conquest o'er the hosts of hell;
Vanquished and crushed all wrong and sin,
Millennial splendors ushered in!—
But who shall sing it?

I can not sing that song!
Not mine the imaginative power,
The inspiration high, the dower
Of fancy, like a strong-winged bird;
Not mine the mastery of word—
I can not sing it!

Some one shall sing that song!
Some high-born soul, some bard sublime;
Some noblest poet of all time,
His vision sweeping earth and sky,
Shall celebrate that victory—
Aye, he shall sing it!

E'en now that music thrills!
Though but in dreams its strains I hear,
Its rising chords of ringing cheer,
All round me from the future floats
That anthem's hallelujah notes—
Mankind shall sing it!

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